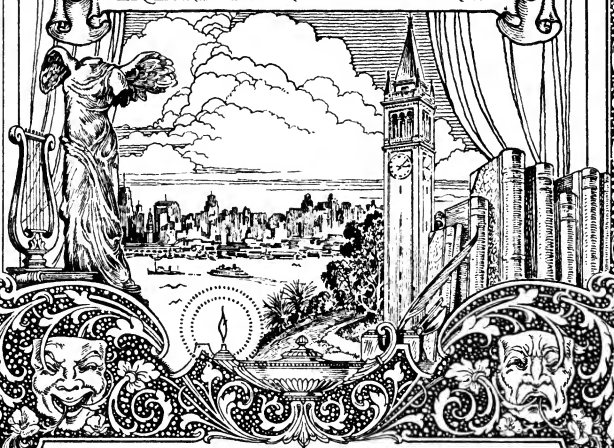




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Greetings to
Mr. G. Henry Gils

Bill Ransom

[illegible]

THE HAPPY TREE



the Spirit of All Things planted a tiny seed. Deep down in the darkness, in the close embrace of the ground, it lay for long, long days. Mother Earth cradled it, the Rains bathed it, the Winds lulled it to rest, and the Sun's rays animated it until its consciousness of being became desire of becoming—of becoming more than it had been; and the soul of a tree, new-born, pushed forward and upward, yearning for the light.

T H E S T O R Y O F

Soon the tree had pierced through the ground and breathed the light of day. How happy it was! What more could it desire? Now it could know all the beauty around it; the graces of flowers and trees, the glories of mountains and rivers; and it was content. But soon a new vision presented itself, a certainty of further accomplishment, a knowledge that it might grow as great and as beautiful as those other trees. So ever on and up it pushed, happy and content in being what it was and just growing toward the accomplishment of its destiny.

Day by day, month by month, it grew stronger and larger and, because its desire to be was great, and because it was filled with the peace of being one

THE HAPPY TREE

with all the world, it grew more beautiful as well. Its branches rounded out, it became green of a deeper and richer shade than those about it. It sang now with the wind and the water, the sun and the snow, in all times and seasons, for it was *ever green*. Never could the elements mar what that beautiful soul had put forth.

After many years had gone by and the tree had attained its full stature and grace, a traveler, passing that way to gather trees for brightening the Christmas of the world, spied the rich beauty of The Happy Tree. What more fitting than it could be chosen as a bearer of the loving wishes and greetings of mankind? For that purpose it gladly left its familiar surroundings at the call of the

	<h1>T H E S T O R Y O F</h1>	
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traveler's axe, giving itself and all its possibilities to the service of Humanity.

Soon, in a splendid room it stood, straight and rounded out and beautiful, giving off its song of happiness, the pure fragrance of mountain fastnesses. Gentle hands and strong set gleaming lights among its branches, for symbols of that Love which is ever shining forth, and bright balls of many colors were added to represent the wishes of mankind. These, catching the gleam of Love-light upon them, reflected it in all directions, so that not only the creator and recipient of that wish, but everyone else, too, might be gladdened by the glow of fulfillment. Then the tree was surrounded by folk of brave hearts and kindly spirit, and it heard a voice say:

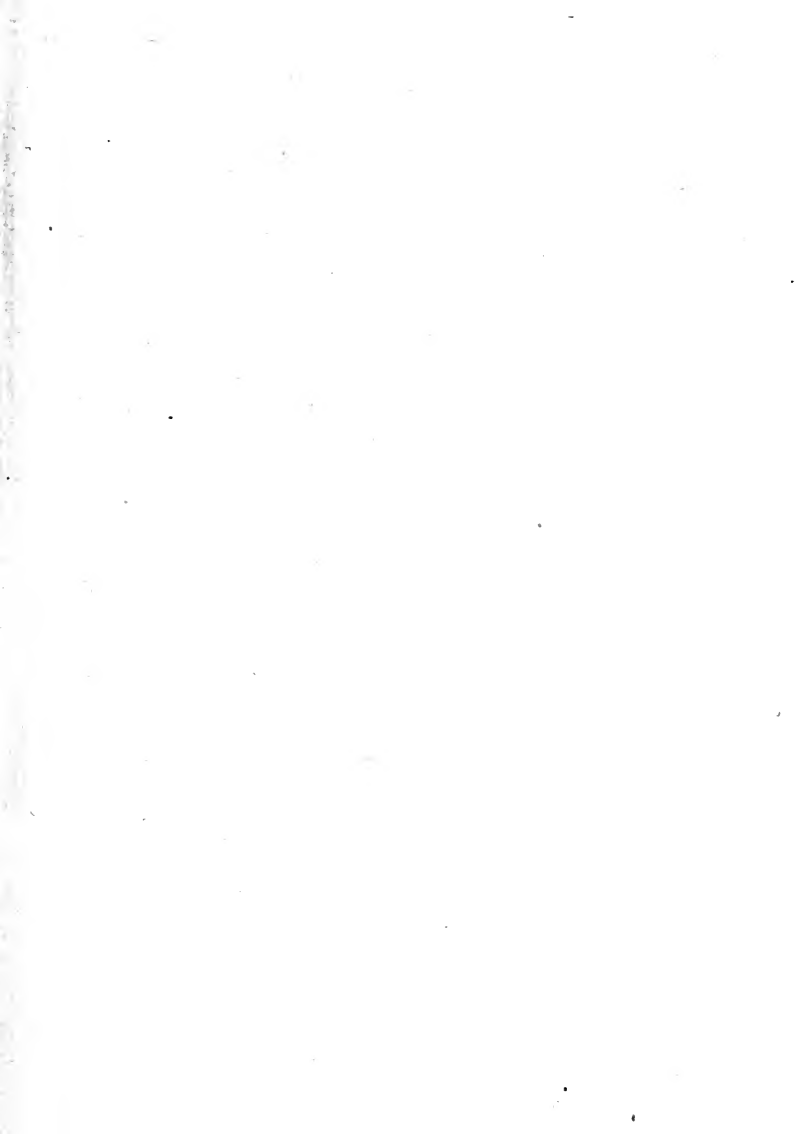
T H E H A P P Y T R E E

"O Tree! You stand here, not only to bear the wishes of those here present, each to each, but also as a symbol that every good wish spreads its light throughout the world, bringing happiness to all mankind and singing of the power of Love."

Then The Happy Tree knew Joy.



This Story of The Happy Tree has been devised for their friends by the Ransoms, Will, Helen, and Frances Rose, in the Christmastide of Nineteen Hundred Twenty-one, and printed by Will Ransom at his private press.



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